

OCTOBER 7, 1934

GUEST, WILLIAM MORDEN

(FINAL SCRIPT)

WJZ

AMERICAN BOSCH-RADIO EXPLORER'S CLUB

NUMBER 8

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5:30 - 5:45 P.M.

OCTOBER 7, 1934

SUNDAY

(SIGNATURE.. "SAILOR'S HORNPIPE"... ACCORDION)

OPENING ANNOUNCEMENT:

Presenting - the weekly meeting of the American-Bosch
Radio Explorer's Club!

(SIGNATURE OUT)

ANNOUNCER: Come sail the seven seas with us!

(WIND AND WAVE EFFECTS)

Explore the wild jungles of Africa...

(JUNGLE EFFECTS)

Visit the cannibal countries!

(TOM TOMS)

Circle the globe with the American-Bosch Round-the-World
Radio!

(GUST OF WIND)

Ahoy there, boys and girls! This is Captain James P. Barker speaking. All hands on deck for another meeting of the American Bosch Radio Explorers Club - a club for all of you listening, with no relation, of course, to the Explorer's Club of New York. Bring mother and dad, too for we're going exploring today on the other side of the Globe. We're bound for Siberia, the land of exile, to hunt for a fast disappearing kind of wild beast - the Siberian snow tiger. Heading our party is Mr. William J. Morden, world famous explorer, of the American Museum of Natural History.

You know, in forty-four years of sea-life I've had many an exciting experience to be sure; but I've never met a snow-tiger face-to-face. When you've heard Dr. Morden's story you'll understand why I'm glad of it. Back in 1911, when I was master of the steamer Lord Curzon, it took a monkey to scare the daylights out of me, let alone a snow-tiger. I recalled the experience last night when I heard a program from Paris on my American Bosch Round-the-World- radio.

We were lying in Marseilles, France, at the time, and the monkey - Toby was his name - was the most useless member of the ship's company. Well, one day I dressed Toby in his red shirt and blue pants and took him ashore with me. The first place we entered was a drug store, the shelves of which were lined with hundreds of glass jars and bottles filled with expensive drugs. I had made my purchase and was about to leave when, without the slightest warning, Toby jumped onto a shelf, seized a glass jar and hurled it to the floor.

In a moment pandemonium reigned. Yelling clerks and customers ran around in the utmost confusion as the delighted monkey bombarded them with the jars and bottles. Each time we tried to catch him he would climb to a higher shelf, make faces at us, and heave another bottle.

CAPTAIN BARKER (CONT.)

The store looked as though a Bengal typhoon had struck it. By jove, I was in a pretty pickle. I was surrounded on all sides by a lot of howling Frenchmen, all gesticulating and scowling at me as though I were an arch criminal.

The manager had gone to the door and was yelling for the gendarmes when Toby jumped down onto the counter. At that moment I grabbed him and clapped a stopper on his wild antics. Yes, sir, that little outing cost me a month's salary, and you may be sure I never took Toby ashore again.

That was monkey business all right, and bad enough for me. As for snow-tigers - well, I guess I'll let Mr. Morden tell about them. He will be interviewed by Hans Christian Adamson, our good friend and fellow club member from the American Museum of Natural History - Mr. Adamson.

ADAMSON' Thank you, Captain Barker---And now, Mr. Morden, let's slump into our easy chairs while you talk about Snow-tigers of Siberia----You know I'd never heard about those animals before talking to you...they must be quite rare.

MORDEN: Yes..they are rare, Hans. [As a matter of fact, their range is restricted to the rocky, forested regions of Northern Manchuria and Southeastern Siberia. While there are probably a good many left there, it won't be many years before they'll be mighty scarce. And perhaps that's just as well, for the snow-tiger - or, as it is better known - [The Long Haired Tiger - doesn't really belong in our times at all. It's a hold-over from the gigantic creatures that lived during the Nightmare Era of long ago...

ADAMSON: What do you mean by the Nightmare Era, Mr. Morden?

MORDEN: Well, you know how fossil hunters have discovered skeletons of [gigantic bears, wolves, tigers and other animals of the pre-historic past. The Snow-tiger is a direct descendant of those monsters.]

ADAMSON: I see..How big a fellow is this Snow-Tiger?

MORDEN: [A big Snow-tiger measures over ten feet from nose to tip of tail. He stands about four feet at the shoulders --and that's as tall as a pony. As for weight, some of them go to 700 pounds. 700 pounds of spring-steel, muscle -- for the Snow-tiger is not only one of the most terrifying animals in the world, but also one of the most powerful.]

ADAMSON: In other words, he's a regular four-footed Samson.

MORDEN: Well, I don't know how strong Samson was, but do you know that ordinary Snow-tigers have been known to drag off horses or cows that weigh about half a ton?

ADAMSON: Half a ton!

MORDEN: Yes, sir! Let me tell you something about this strange fellow. In the first place, [his skull is considerably larger than that of the Royal Bengal Tiger--and that's plenty big....His long canine teeth remind you of the prehistoric saber-tooth tiger. His legs are great columns of solid muscle. And his paws! Why--a blow from one of them would crush a man's head as though it were made of glass.]

MORDEN:(CONT) Then his eyes -- they're deep and dark with an iris of mottled yellow. Native hunters have been known to drop their guns and run when they faced their flashing glare.

ADAMSON: I should think they would! It gives me the creeps just to hear about them.....What would happen to a hunter if he ran?

MORDEN: Well, the worst thing you can do is run. If you do, it's usually all over. One of these tigers you see, can cover nearly 30 feet in a single jump. He strikes the victim on the head and shoulders. One blow crushes the skull, the other breaks the man's back.

ADAMSON: Apparently man is no match for the snow tiger --- What about other creatures of wild Siberia --- bears for instance?

MORDEN: Bears! Why, Hans, a hungry snow tiger will tackle a bear of its own weight without thinking twice. [The tiger will jump upon the unsuspecting bear, grab him under the chin with the claws of one front foot, by the throat with the other, and break his neck easily. If the bear escapes before the tiger reaches him, and climbs a tree for safety, the tiger will sit and wait for Mr. Bear to come down.]

ADAMSON: Poor old Bear.....If he stays up he starves.....if he comes down he gets eaten. I should say that the Snow Tiger -- [this Terrible Tsar of Siberia is King indeed.

MORDEN:

King! He's more than that. To the natives he's a God! You know, it's terrible to think that the natives -- on whom tigers feed when they're too old to hunt, or when food is scarce -- are either afraid or too superstitious to kill these ferocious brutes.] [They not only hold the tiger sacred. They even used to make human sacrifices to him!] [Just picture this for a horrible practice of the old days: -- A tiger has attacked and killed a human being -- a man, a woman or a child. The medicine man calls the tribe together around a fire at night. And now a certain man or girl is selected and offered up as a human sacrifice to that four-footed deity, the tiger!]

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 7)

ADAMSON: It's hard to believe, I swear!...How did they sacrifice the unlucky victim?

MORDEN: They usually tied him to a tree near the tiger's path -- but let's not go into details -- they're much too gruesome.

ADAMSON: You're quite right...But say, you said a minute ago that the tiger is dying out. What's the cause of that?

MORDEN: Mainly the high price offered for tigers, dead or alive. A good specimen of a dead tiger will sometimes bring as much as \$500 to the lucky hunter who brings it in. The natives, as I've said, are afraid of them, but don't think the whites don't fear the tiger, too. [There are stories of tigers invading villages at night and walking up the streets while the inhabitants watched from their windows without daring to shoot.]

ADAMSON: But why not?

MORDEN: Because they thought that [if the shot missed, the tiger might attack the house from which the flash of fire came, and if he got inside, maul everyone in it. The probabilities are, I feel sure that the tiger, if shot at would have run away. In times of famine, however, these tigers do become amazingly impudent and arrogant.]

ADAMSON: I'm beginning to see that...a mighty unpleasant fellow -- -- Mr. Snow Tiger.

MORDEN: Yes, he certainly is and sometimes a bad actor--Like other animals, during the mating season, two or more males sometimes stage battles that end only when the strongest holds the field by himself. You come upon clearings in the forest where the snow is covered with blood and bunches of hair.

MORDEN: (CONT) These are battlefields where some male tigers have engaged in a free-for-all. Surprisingly enough, few are killed in these combats. The weaker ones get a good licking and beat it.

ADAMSON: They know when to make a graceful exit, eh? How about the tiger's family life?

MORDEN: Well, the Snow-tiger's a solitary creature with practically no family life at all. When a tigress brings up cubs she takes special pains to hide them, for male tigers have been known to eat their own youngsters. You see, these big cats have no scruples, but lots of appetite. They eat more than 25 pounds of meat at each meal. Tough fellows too -- they feel thoroughly at home when the temperature goes 50° or more below zero, and yet in summer they take to water like ducks. They like to swim in cold mountain streams -- and that reminds me! They're good fishermen. A tiger will sometimes sit patiently on the bank of a stream and catch fish by scooping them out of the water with quick strokes of his paws.

ADAMSON: How do you go about it when you hunt the Snow-tiger, Mr. Morden?

MORDEN: Well, there are several ways. The method most generally used is the trap gun -- or should I say gun-trap. Some of these arrangements are almost as complicated as a Rube Goldberg cartoon. The gun-trap is concealed along the tiger's path, and if a tiger comes along -- this is what happens.

(OVER)

MORDEN: (CONT) He steps on a string which pulls out a piece of wood that releases a spring that strikes a percussion cap that fires the powder that shoots the slug that hits the tiger...Bing!

ADAMSON: A very amusing contraption!

MORDEN: Yes....All three of the tigers we got were killed by these gun traps. We never had a chance to shoot a tiger point-blank.

ADAMSON: Then that was one danger you didn't have to face.

MORDEN: Well, as a matter of fact, our greatest danger was the gun-traps of other hunters. You see, they are so carefully hidden that anyone coming along the trail is apt to step into them before seeing them. The only warning is a small notice on a tree. This gives the location of the trap, but since it's written in Russian you're out of luck unless you can read it. Of course, we had Russian guides, but they weren't much help. Looking back, I'm certain they were much more afraid of meeting a tiger than of not meeting one, and I'm equally certain they were careful to take us to places where Mr. and Mrs. Tiger were scarce.

ADAMSON: Then what did you do -- follow the tiger's tracks?

MORDEN: Yes. And that reminds me -- when we arrived in Siberia we were told that the tigers were habitual man-eaters, and that their favorite trick was to circle back on their tracks and ambush the hunters. That -- instead of scaring us -- cheered us up! If the tigers hunted us, it would save us many weary miles of tracking. It would be a case in which hind-sight would be better than fore-sight.

ADAMSON: How about the natives? Did they give you any help?

MORDEN: Not much. Their superstitious fears made them almost useless except for the drivers of our dog team. In one instance the Shaman, or medicine man of a village danced for several hours in a ceremonial prayer. This was to ask the tiger's forgiveness because one of the villagers had joined our party as a dog driver!

ADAMSON: Amazing!...A little while ago you said you got three tigers, yet from what you've told me, I gather that they're pretty rare.

MORDEN: Indeed they are, Hans...I doubt that there are a dozen authentic specimens in the museums of the world. So far as I know, there are no authentic specimens and data in America except the three we got for the American Museum of Natural History.

ADAMSON: Well - that ought to make you feel pretty successful as a hunter of Snow-tigers. Thank you, Mr. Morden -- I'd like to ask more questions but I see our time's getting short and I must turn the microphone back to Captain Barker.

BARKER: Thanks Mr. Adamson -- And you, Mr. Morden. That was mighty interesting I can tell you ... Where do we go exploring next Sunday, Mr. Adamson?

ADAMSON:

We're going with Dr. Clyde Fisher into the cold silence of the stratosphere where the shooting stars put down a steady barrage -- and say, the Radio Explorers will have several hundred guests of honor next Sunday, for Dr. Fisher is the President of the Amateur Astronomers, all of whom have been invited to listen in.

BARKER:

Splendid ... Well, we'll welcome them with open arms, I assure you.

Now I want to report to you on the progress of the Club itself. You'll be glad to know that our membership is increasing by leaps and bounds. But I'm not surprised. In fact if I could show you personally the prize package, -- shall I call it? -- that the American-Bosch Radio Explorers Club sends to you on receipt of your application for membership, I'm sure each and everyone of you who has not already done so would apply for membership today. Here, for example is the way one new young member of the Club feels about it:

"Dear Captain Barker:" writes Gertrude Adams, 11 years old, of Allenhurst, N. J. "When I applied for membership in the Radio Explorers Club I expected something nice, but I had no idea it was going to be so nice. I am simply thrilled with the certificate showing the picture of your old ship the British Isles, and I know I will treasure it for years to come. The button is as pretty a button as I have ever seen and the Radio Explorers Map of the World is so exciting that my brother, John, is jealous of it, so I promised I would send in an application for him. Could you enroll him in the Radio Explorers Club too, Capt. Barker?"

CAPT. BARKER: I certainly will, Gertrude, and what's more I'll be glad to do the same for every boy and girl listening in. Remember, membership in the Radio Explorers Club entitles you to the handsome membership button, the membership certificate bearing your own name, which you can frame and hang in your room, and the Radio Explorers Club authorized map of the world which enables you to chart your own radio explorations. That's real sport too, I can tell you! And then, in addition to all this -- those who apply for membership this week, will receive a most interesting photograph of William Morden taken with one of the Snow Tigers he captured and presented to the American Museum of Natural History.

Now here's Ben Grauer, our announcer, waiting to tell you how easy it is for you to join the Club so I'll say - clear sailing to you lads and lassies, until next Sunday!

ANNOUNCER:

To join the American-Bosch Radio Explorers Club all you need to do is send your name and address with the name and age of the radio set to which you are listening, to American-Bosch, American B-O-S-C-H, Springfield, Massachusetts. In a moment I'll repeat that.

You know, it's the privilege of only a few to explore, to see with their own eyes, the colorful, picturesque, far-away lands across the seas. But today's miracle of Round-the-World Radio ... as perfected and simplified by American-Bosch ... extends to you and to me and to all of us the privilege of hearing -- hearing with our own ears -- radio entertainment from countries all over the world! Argentina and Brazil ... China and Australia ... England, France, Spain and Italy .. wherever you long to roam.

ANNOUNCER: (CONT) "As perfected and simplified by American-Bosch" --

that's important! The Multi-Wave Selector, and exclusive American-Bosch development, removes all confusion of foreign tuning...makes it as easy as local tuning has always been. Compare it for convenience, as demonstrated in Model 460R, for instance, with any other radio set on the market, and you will be impressed with the difference. Look -- and listen -- to all the new 1935 American-Bosch Round-the-World Radios at your nearest dealers. And now let me repeat that address, so you can join the Club today --- Just send in your name and address with the name and age of the radio set to which you are listening, to American-Bosch, (B-O-S-C-H), Springfield, Massachusetts, and you'll begin to enjoy without further delay all the privileges of membership.

(SIGNATURE FADES IN)

ANNOUNCER: The American-Bosch Radio Explorers Club meets here every Sunday ~~a~~fternoon with Captain James P. Barker in command. Famous ~~e~~xplorers are guests of the club each Sunday under special arrangements with the American Museum of Natural History. Next week we'll go adventuring in the stratosphere with Dr. Clyde Fischer who will be interviewed by Hans Christian Adamson.

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This is the National Broadcasting Company.

AGENCY:SCUDDER:

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